

# Phillips Phonograph.

Devoted to the Interests of North Franklin, its Summer Resorts, Mountains and Lakes, and General News.

Vol. I.

PHILLIPS, FRANKLIN Co., MAINE, SATURDAY, MARCH 1ST, 1879.

No. 25.

## The PHONOGRAPH

O. M. MOORE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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## Poetry.

CASABIANCA—1879.

The boy lay in his little bed,  
Though oft his mother called:  
"Get up! come down to breakfast, Fred!"  
"Get up!" his father brawled.

Yet quiet and serene he lay,  
As though he heard them not;  
Opossum did the youngster play,  
Though things were getting hot.

The time passed on—he did not start!  
But took another nap;  
His father up the stairs did start,  
And gave the door a rap.

He cried aloud, "say, Fieddie, say!  
Why don't you leave your bed?"  
But silently young Fieddie lay,  
As though he were quite dead.

"Speak, Fieddie, say!  
"For I must soon be gone;  
And," but a lusty snore replied—  
Pa's patience nearly gone.

Up to his face quick ran the blood,  
He tore his auburn hair,  
A moment at the doorway stood,  
In still, yet deep despair.

And shouted 'gain, with thunderous knock;  
"Young scoundrel, do you hear?"  
While in the hall loud ticked the clock,  
That grated on his ear.

With angry push he opened the door,  
And slammed it to again:  
With noisy strides across the floor,  
To the bed he walked again.

There came a sound like threshing wheat,  
Or butcher tendering steak;  
Hear screams! hear moans! hear scampering feet!

Ah, Fieddie is awake.

A ringing bell, a mother's call,  
May sometimes rouse a lad;  
But the only sure thing after all,  
Is a father when he's mad.

Boston Transcript.

## Communications.

### Observer Observed.

Editor Phonograph—Dear Sir:—In an article in your paper, entitled "Distinctions in Society," I noticed a few ideas, which, from their narrow and bigoted argument, can hardly fail to bring forth a retort from any and every fair-minded man.

Observer "launches out" with the mistaken fancy that a man's worth depends to a great extent upon the amount of wealth he may possess. He does not look into the question far enough. He does not go back and call up a few historical characters to prove his point—such as Christ, the great teacher and example for all mankind; Martin Luther, a name never to be lost in oblivion, and Abraham Lincoln, our great and good statesman. Each of these honored characters was remarkable for his wealth and unworthiness(?) But these are but one or two from the long list of poor but worthy characters which we find along the line of history. Thinking of a few of these honored names, where is the person that would not laugh at the idea that the poor man, as well as the rich man, does not merit the highest honors?

Again he says, that "the quality begetting wealth has little connection with the qualities which actuate benevolence, virtue and true goodness." That "Acquisitiveness is more closely related to the selfish qualities of our being, &c.,." Right here let us draw a comparison. Two young men start out together and begin their life-work. A, who is a thoughtful, diligent, and economical man, instead of "hoarding up" his earnings—selfishness indeed—invests the proceeds of his hard work in some laudable business, and thereby becomes a public benefactor. Can we call this selfishness, when a

man, by honest toil and shrewd management, puts himself and family in readiness for "a rainy day" while benefiting the community at large? No man, who thinks of old age and feels for his family will hesitate in affirming that acquisitiveness, guided by such motives, is "deserving of high honor."

B, who starts out with A, and under similar circumstances, resolves to take life easy. He is one of those men who wait for a "soft job" to come around and employ them, instead of "waking up" and looking for such a chance. At his leisure, which is most of the time, he frequently grows at the selfishness of his neighbors who, perchance, by their diligence and attention to business, are amassing "a snug little fortune," not like his own. If, however, a subscription is to be raised in support of one of his pet schemes, these very neighbors are for a day or two—"very liberal and wealthy men who, of course, will do much to support such a project." He lets pass many a rare opportunity, exercises poor judgment in his trades, and finds fault with his neighbors whose success he is sure to envy.

Which of the two then is the selfish man—A who improves upon his talents and gains with them other talents, or B who does not care to improve upon his talents for fear of being regarded an unworthy man?

Trace the prosperity of any thrifty community to its real cause, and say if it may not be attributed to business carried on by the money of the wealthy man. Who is the greatest friend of the poor, daily laborer? Certainly the man who offers employment for him in schemes which money alone can promote.

Why, then, is it not just that a wealthy man may be deserving of the highest honor? Surely, genius, integrity, and manhood, always have found and always will find, their way out into the world, and be duly rewarded whether they originate in the palace of wealth or the cottage of poverty.

T.

### Our Lives.

What are we doing with our lives? A life was given you for a noble purpose. Is the world better for your having lived? You have the sagacity, the foresight, the wisdom, that a man should have. To what purpose have you applied them? These are serious questions, but they will one day be asked of you, and me, and we must answer them. This is called a Christian land. Do the facts justify the statement? To-morrow, buy two newspapers of opposite faith and see how these Christians love one another. Are our business matters conducted strictly on the Golden Rule? Do we go out into the highways and byways and compel them to come in? I can take you in an hour's time (or less) where men and women never enter the Christian church, where the name of Christ is never heard, except as an oath—whose life from beginning to end is one horrible dream of sin. Yet they are perfectly satisfied with this life. Now if this is a Christian land, then a Christian government and a Christian church should drag them out of this life whether they will or no.

"Exactly," says our Christian church, but can you say "Shibboleth?"

"No."

"Then you must stay there until you can. The church door will always be open and when you can say it, we shall be glad to see you."

This is sadly true; but there is one good thing about it—it is getting less and less every year.

This is not a Christian land but it will be when good men and women of every faith unite for one common good. And when we pray "Our Father," dare we pray to be forgiven as we forgive? or do we ask "this day our daily bread" and then feeling our weakness and much condemnation, pray that we be so filled with love that all uncharitableness depart from us and we be able to forgive as we would be forgiven? Has a neighbor injured you or spoken harshly of you, don't pay him in his own coin. Be kind to him, love him. "But," say you, "we can't. It isn't human nature."

There is no human nature about it.

It is simply the Satanic, that has, and will, forever more drive brother into warfare against brother unless we take it by the throat and strangle it as we would a savage beast. There is very little we can do for each other but this we can do: Think no evil, speak no evil. Have a settled plan in your life for doing good, and go about it with that same coherency and steadiness of purpose that you do your daily work. This is all I would ask of any one. Can you do your work for humanity? Then "in all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy path."

ALMEDA.

## Miscellaneous.

### A Street Arab.

Dean Stanley in the course of a recent sermon to children in Westminster Abbey, told a touching story of an Edinburgh street arab. Two gentlemen were standing at the door of a hotel one very cold day, when a little boy with a thin blue face, his feet bare and red with the cold, and with nothing to cover him but a bundle of rags, came and said: "Please sir, buy some matches." "No, don't want any," the gentleman said. "But they are only a penny a box," the poor little fellow pleaded. "Yes, but you see we don't want a box," the gentleman said again. "Then I will give you two boxes for a penny," said the boy at last, and so, to get rid of him, the gentleman who tells the story says, "I bought a box; but then I found I had no change, so I said, 'I will buy a box to-morrow.' 'Oh, do buy them to-night, please,' the boy pleaded again: 'I will run and get you the change, for I am verra hungry.' So I gave him the shilling, and he started away. I waited for him, but no boy came. Then I thought I had lost my shilling; still there was that in the boy's face I trusted, and I did not like to think bad of him. Late in the evening I was told a boy wanted to see me; when he was brought in I found it was a smaller brother of the boy that got my shilling; but, if possible, still more ragged and poor and thin. He stood a moment diving into his rags as if he were seeking something, and then said: 'Are you the gentleman that bought the matches fra Sandie?' 'Yes.' 'Weel, then, here's fourpence out o' yer shilling; Sandy cannot come; he's very ill; a cart ran over him and knocked him down, and he lost his bonnet and his matches and your sevenpence, and both his legs are broken, and the doctor says he'll die, and that's a.' And then putting the fourpence on the table, the poor child broke down into great sobs." The two little things lived alone, their father and mother being dead. Poor Sandie was lying on a bundle of shavings. He said: "I got the change, sir, and was coming back; and then the horse knocked me down, and both my legs were broken; and oh, Reuby! little Reuby! I am sure I am dying, and who will take care of you when I am gone? What will ye do, Reuby?" The kind-hearted gentleman took the lad's hand and said he would always take care of Reuby. Poor Sandie had just enough strength to look up as if to thank his protector, and then the light went out of his blue eyes forever.

In a recent article on a fair in his locality, the editor of a western paper says a brother editor took a valuable premium; but an unkind policeman made him put it right back where he took it from.

A Rutland paper in an obituary notice of a citizen, says "He lived until his marriage with his father." No wonder that finished him.

A grocer found an egg in a lot just received from the country, with a landscape, photograph on the shell, but he don't know where the scene was laid.

Whatever objection may be opposed to whipping, it is at least undeniable that it makes a boy smart.

Why is a pawbroker like a drunkard?—Because he takes the pledge, but cannot always keep it.

A man advertises for a position as "son-in-law in a family of mans."

### The Sandy River Railroad.

This enterprise has been advocated and the attention of all enterprising and generous citizens, has been called to it so long, and so much has been accomplished, that it now seems too bad to have it fall.

The right of way has been generously given by all land-owners in Phillips, Avon and Strong, and by eight out of forty-one land-owners in the town of Farmington. About \$5000 only is now wanting to perfect an organization on \$60,000 of stock, when the stock would be increased to perhaps \$90,000, which sum would probably give North Franklin railroad communication with Farmington.

The people of North Franklin are almost unanimously in favor of this enterprise; they have struggled nobly for it, and are now anxious as to the result. The citizens of Farmington can assist the enterprise very materially, by giving a right of way through to the Me. Central depot, and subscribing to the stock, they who are able, each one a little.

That friends of the road confidently hope that they may be thus assisted, because there can be no doubt but that it is for the interest of Farmington to have the road built. This is a very critical time for North Franklin, and the whole county in fact, if we expect hereafter to hold our population, property and business. The completion of this road will enable us to retain what population and wealth we have, and add thousands more in a short time; and if not soon built our farms will continue to be deserted, and our young men and idle capital will leave faster than ever—this section—where there is now but a spare and discontented population, that has already dwindled from 21,000 in 1840, to about 18,000 now.

What will be best for Farmington—to have an increasing population and wealth in its rear, or the reverse? Next to her local pride, is her pride in Franklin Co., and without the growth and prosperity of N. Franklin, she cannot fulfill her destiny. Farmington will continue to be the business, social and political center of this section of the State, as she is now, and consequently should lead in any enterprise that will help us, for her prosperity must keep pace with ours. And it is hoped that no one will be found secretly hostile, openly opposed, or even indifferent in regard to this enterprise. The little town of Strong it is said, subscribed and paid for 80 shares of stock towards the building of the railroad from Livermore Falls to East Wilton, and much more to complete it to Farmington, and other towns in N. Franklin did much more; and can this be forgotten when these little up-river towns are trying so heroically to help themselves, and ask for a donation of right of way where land damages would be least, and for stock subscription? Some citizens of Farmington have been conspicuously generous and public spirited in donating right of way; this will be gratefully remembered.

The Appleton survey could not have given a location more favorable for Farmington. Every other location contemplated would have been worse. Perhaps a cheaper one might have been found. There can be no doubt but that a railroad is to be built at some time up the Sandy River valley, on one side or the other; if so, the sooner the better, for it can never be more needed, and never can be built cheaper than now.

The property of Farmington can't depend upon the non-extension of railroad facilities up the Sandy River valley; if it does, and a road is to be built in the near future, will it not be best for Farmington and Fairbanks' village, to have the Appleton location and the two-foot gauge system and secure it now? Failure now and delay will cause further agitation and suggest new enterprises, and a road might be built that would rob Farmington of a traffic that should come to her as naturally as the water of the Sandy river, and leave her like or worse than Skowhegan, deprived of much of the advantage of trade that nature gives her, if she will accept and secure it when it is offered.—NORTH FRANKLIN, in the Chronicle.

### An Official Document.

The following facetious document recently came before the Legislature, and created considerable merriment:

The Committee on Military affairs, to which was referred the petition of Judge Nathaniel Kimball and forty-four others, praying for a law to prevent the taking of smelts in Sandy Brook, Saco, beg leave to report:

They first find that, in course of legislation, the petition was inadvertently referred to the committee on Fisheries, who were floundering about over the porgy question. The people of Boothbay, Harpswell, Ocean Point, and other outposts of civilization, had determined that "the porgy must go." The oilfactories of the people in the vicinity of the porgy factories had too long been drinking in the "balm of a thousand fishes," and the longshoremen were clamorous for bait. Coombs of the Committee, had not long to wait before Duran's hornpipe sounded, and Farrington of the committee became satisfied that the petition ought not to be admitted, as there was Moore business already before the committee than could well be attended to, such as the protection of eels, pollywogs and hornpouts, and so he put his Wincapaw on the petition of Judge Kimball.

It then came to the Senate, and was referred, very properly, to the Committee on Education. The smelts in this brook generally run in schools, which the friends of "retrenchment and reform" were trying to cripple at the (fishing) poles. It was the purpose of the accomplished chairman to consider this matter in connection with the school mill tax; but just as the prayers of the petitioners were being weighed in the scales of justice, Mr. Pickhard (the silent member of the House from the Queen City of the East,) rose to a question of privilege, and claimed that it could not be considered in conjunction with the mill tax. He had been down into the bowels of the State House, and found a fly leaf from Hannibal Hamlin's account book, when he kept a peanut stand in the rotunda of the State House, and from that he had ascertained that there is no mill in that pond to be taxed, and no site for a mill or dam, and as he smelt a mice, he wouldn't go for the measure even if the smelts were there, by a dam site! The member of the Committee from Sebago, having ascertained that the smelts in the pond did not part their hair in the middle, became antagonistic to the proposition, and accordingly the petition was kicked out of the Committee room.

The much abused petition, coming now to the House, it was again referred, and this time to the Committee on Military affairs. Apprehending lest the next reference should be to the Civil Service Committee, and the little smelts in that brook be whittled down to a size of comfort to the present "purchasing power of a dollar," the Committee at once grappled with the subject, and now beg leave to make their off-fish-al report:

That Gen. Leavitt, of the War Department of this State, be authorized to place the Gatling gun (now relieved from duty since the officers seekers have retreated in good order), on the shores of Sandy Brook, in Saco, to be manned by the spare clerks in his office, who may be receiving enormous salaries; and that he at once "shoot on the spot," any man, woman or child who undertakes, by hook or by crook, to tempt the gay and festive smelts from the cold waters of Sandy Brook.

Who hath sky of brighter gleams?  
Broader lakes, or beaver streams?  
Eden-like, our wide land teems  
With SMELTS!

In the sea is wealth untold,  
Porgy oil that brings the gold,  
Pickarel will their tails unfold:  
But spare the SMELTS!

Now the eagle, sweeping o'er,  
Sees one spot near Saco's shore,  
Sees one little brook or more  
Full of SMELTS!

Ours the realm of perch and "quiver,"  
The glassy pond, deep flowing river,  
Spare all the fish, spare them forever,  
But save the SMELTS!

For the committee,  
JAMES M. ANDREWS,  
Chairman.







## Local Matters.

### CHURCH DIRECTORY.

#### PHILLIPS.

**Universalist**—Rev. O. H. Johnson, Pastor. Services at Union Church every four weeks. Next service, Sunday, Mar. 10, 1879.

**Methodist**—Rev. E. W. Simons, Pastor. Services every two weeks. Next service, Mar. 2. Services at West Phillips, once in four weeks. Next service, Mar. 9th.

**F. W. Baptist**—Rev. Chas. Woodcock, Pastor. Services in Union Church every two weeks. Next service, Sunday, March 9.

#### STRONG.

**Methodist**—Rev. George L. Burbank, Pastor; services every Sabbath, A. M. and P. M. Prayer meeting Sabbath evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath school at 12 o'clock, M.

**Congregationalist**—Rev. J. L. Pratt, Pastor. Open every Sabbath. Bible services at 11 A. M. Preaching service at 1 P. M. Prayer meeting at 6 o'clock P. M. Conference meeting Thursday evening, at 7 o'clock.

#### WELB.

**Free Baptist**—C. W. Purington, Pastor.—Preaching every other Sabbath at 10.45. Next service Mar. 2. Sunday School at 12 o'clock. Prayer and social meeting at 6.30 P. M. Bible reading every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock. Teachers' meeting every Friday evening at 7 o'clock.

#### RANGELEY.

**Congregationalist**—Rev. J. B. Wheelwright, Pastor. Services every Sabbath, at 11:00 A. M., and 3 P. M. Sabbath School at noon.

—Spring?

—Forward, March!

—Who stole the moon?

—The last day of winter was clear and cold.

—Old Winter is dead, but his spirit still reigns.

—Thursday morning was one of the coldest of the season.

—We are told Mr. Geo. M. Cushman, teamster, is dangerously ill.

—"Winter now is (supposed to be) gently nestling in the lap of spring."

—The March Term of court commences in Farmington, next Tuesday.

—This being the first day of "beautiful Spring," we have not yet discovered its "lap"

—The "lap" of Winter now is fiercely striving to conquer what little hope we have of Spring.

—Oh, for a broad-brim palmleaf hat!

Oh, for a long-tailed duster.

Oh, for the weather to wear it in—

We're tired of snow and bluster.

—N. U. Hinkley recently had a nice sleigh badly smashed, by coming in contact with a stone post.

—J. C. Tarbox, of Bowdoin College, received the appointment of Salutatorian, at the senior exhibition at the close of this term.

—Cap. S. C. F. Smith, an Aroostook legislator, is a greenbacker who knows no bull-dozers. They aren't raised in "Roostic," are they Cap?

—The next ladies' sociable of the Methodist Society will meet next Thursday evening, March 6th, with Mrs. J. W. Butterfield. All are invited.

—We took a recent cold as we once took another "affliction" (won't she tear?)—for better or for worse. We've had the "worse" and now the "better" has it.

—Town meeting, Monday next, at ten o'clock A. M. The most important question to come before the meeting will be that of increasing the Railroad loan, \$1,000.

—See the large and attractive advertisement of the Singer Mfg. Co., whose sewing machines are too well known to need comment. Their agent is now in this vicinity.

—We are indebted to Geo. E. Esty, Esq., of Milton, Mass., for copies of the New York Observer, Christian Advocate, (New York) and Farm and Fireside, (Springfield, O.)

—Dear reader, let us break it to you, gently, if we can; but forcibly, if we must—Beautiful springtime is here and with us. Didn't know it from last winter, did you?

—We are so crowded with communications, this week, that we are compelled to lay some of them aside. "Too much of a good thing spoils the whole," is a good adage for all of us.

—See card of the Somerset Reporter, in another column. The Reporter is now one of the smartest county papers in the State, and has a large county circulation. A good advertising medium.

—A new furniture shop has been fitted up, at the upper village, by Mr. D. C. Leavett, who has a card in another column. We commend him as an honorable gentleman to deal with, to all in need of goods in his line.

—We learn the Rev. Mr. Woodcock, of Kingfield, proposes soon to remove his family to this village, where he will officiate as local pastor of the Baptist church. Our people will give him a hearty welcome.

—We are very sorry that we omitted this notice from last week's issue:—There will be a donation visit for Rev. E. W. Simons, Tuesday afternoon and evening, March 4th, at the parsonage. All are cordially invited.

—The Ladies' Aid Society, at their circle to-night, at Lambert hall, will present songs, recitations and select readings, for entertainment.

—The entertainment to be given by the Ladies Aid Society, Wednesday evening, March 12th, promises to be a fine affair, and we think this effort will be well compensated.

—Railroad men say it would not be a bad idea for farmers to be getting out cedar stuff, in whole logs, which could be made into sleepers, or other lumber, in case sleepers are not wanted.

—Some one in Madrid found a bag of coffee, and sent word to Phillips that the party who lost it could recover the same by advertising for it through our columns! An eye for our interest. See card elsewhere, "Found."

—Phillips is apprised of the dinner hour in the good old fashioned way of "sounding the horn." Mr. B. T. Parker, jeweler, at the upper village, has a monster tin horn, six or eight feet long, which can be heard for miles around.

—We have received a lot of selections from some young lady friends, with the request that we would except them. We do so, cheerfully. But, dear girls, when the beaux propose, don't except them all—accept just one, for your own sake.

—We were glad, Wednesday, to see out again friend C. H. Kimball, who has been confined to the house for several weeks past. The winter has been harsh for invalids, but the bright spring days, warm sunshine and young blood will soon set things to right.

—We have received from W. W. Cushman, Esq., of Dover, N. H., a copy of the "Index," an Insurance Journal. In it we find an account of social meeting of insurance men, with speeches and a poem, in which we find pleasant mention of friend Cushman.

—We are glad to see Joel Wilbur, Esq., and G. Dana Austin, back again from their six weeks' trip to California. They look as though it really "did them good." Mr. Wilbur took notes of his journey, and we may expect a continuation of his interesting account of the trip.

—Hicks is sick. Hear him: "Epi-zootic how I hate it. In the house and can't get out. Webster surely would abridge it if he'd know'd what he's about. Porridge—guess I know what that is, aint it nice when we are sick? don't bring more for I won't eat it—I am going to have a chick-en—and see if I can't get well."

—Thanks neighbor—no necessity to borrow your portrait. Have you forgotten that you sent it to us gratis? It would be a shame to distort a good likeness by any change. — *Chronicle*.

Yes, but we thought how easy it could be distorted—just by changing its (dis)position to one of "ready, fire!" instead of the docile look we gave it.

FROM KINGFIELD.—Isiah French attends the next term of court as jurymen from this town. . . . Large quantities of cedar are being piled before the mills to be sawed into shingles. . . . A beautiful ice cave has formed at the "Bluff," on the Dead River road. As the water run down the mountain it formed into ice from an overhanging rock, ten feet high, to the ground, inclosing a space between the ice wall and rock large enough for ten people to stand in. It is a freak of nature that one is well paid by taking pains to see.

—We must put a restriction upon our library, which is now free to subscribers to the paper, who pay of have paid at the full rate of \$1.50 per year. Parties living within a mile of the office will be required to return books as soon as read—within one week's time, at the most. 'Twould be doing an injustice, almost, to us, we think for parties using the library, to loan books to neighbors, and if we were to find such a case we might feel it for our interest to deny the right of such parties to the use of the books. Some of our best books are out for a month at a time. Families must be large, and all readers!

—The Ladies Aid of the Universalist Society announce a grand Antiquarian Supper and Old Folks Concert, for Wednesday evening, March 12th, when "musick of ye olden tyme" will be presented, and baked beaux and pork will be dealt out by ancient dressed females to such as are hungry or longeth for such good old homely provender. Give them a rousing house, and be sure of having a good time, for besides the supper and ye ancient tunes a stage performance is to be given, which will no doubt be productive of much amusement. Let all the little folks go, and the big ones all should surely go in order to take care of the little ones.

—The usual weekly snow and blow got along Thursday morning, this week, and made itself as disagreeable as possible for a few hours.

—The challenge to wrestlers has been accepted by Mr. Jas. Smith, as will be seen in another column, and the tug of war occurs at Lambert hall, next Saturday afternoon.

—Notwithstanding the severe blow of Thursday, a goodly company assembled at the residence of Mr. D. Dennison, that evening, at the meeting of the Baptist circle. The basket supper was a lordly affair, and assured us more than ever, that we have far better than average cooks among us, and many of them at that—and best of all is—the good cooks are (several we know) not yet all engaged. Several members of the band were present and rendered some favorite airs. Singing and music, and the recitation, "Over the hill to the poor house," well represented by Miss C. T. Crosby, in costume, were pleasant parts of a pleasant gathering.

—A friend sends us the following item from Farmington: Sunday was a most beautiful day in this village, and it would seem that summer had come, but for the snow. As the church bells began to ring, the people from out the village and those within, poured forth from their homes in large numbers, and though services were held in four churches, each had a goodly congregation. Rev. Mr. Moore preached at the Old South, and I understand he is engaged there for the ensuing year. Some splendid singing is now being done by the Baptist choir. The deficiency caused by the absence of Greene, tenor, is supplied by C. W. Keyes, 2d, who has a very able voice. Let us hope that more attention will be paid to singing in the future, than there has been in the past, for how can an evening be spent more pleasantly than by singing with ones friends? F. S. M.

### Mistaken Kindness.

There are too many mothers in our busy, work-a-day world who, because they have had to work hard themselves think their children should do little labor and be brought up to be petted, waited upon and indulged beyond all reason. Is this not mistaking kindness on their part? Fostering a love of indolence and cultivating only the selfish part of one's character surely brings forth no beneficial results, and too common are the instances where children in after life throw all the blame for their helplessness back upon those whose duty it was to train them to ways of industry and regular habits of work.

'Tis very easy for young girls to lie abed in the morning, read books half the day, and keep mother doing and planning for them, while they are growing thoughtless for her comfort and mindful only of their own pleasure and ease; but how much better it would be if they thought and planned for her, who had to see that all the household machinery is kept running. To endeavor to save the third hands from falling from their inability to do more—the faithful heart from feeling utterly discouraged, because of her unappreciated efforts to please and gratify their numberless wants; to help bear the burdens of the household cares, instead of making them heavier and harder to be borne; to pay some devotion to the one whose greatest happiness in life is their well being. Too much indulgence only breeds selfishness. Surely we are placed in this world to reap all the happiness possible; but how can we be satisfied to live only for our own selfish comfort—having no consideration for others' joys and sorrows, sufferings and struggles, which sympathy will do so much to lighten. An unselfish devotion to the happiness of others is the ministry of love that purifies domestic life, making it sweet and beautiful. — *San Francisco Post*.

### BIRTHS.

In East Dixfield, Feb. 17, to the wife of H. L. Parsons, a son.

### MARRIAGES.

In Pittsburg, Pa., Feb. 13th, by Rev. Dr. R. Lea, Mr. Clifton F. Schmidt to Miss Mattie W., daughter of the late Dr. C. L. Chamberlin.

### CHALLENGE ACCEPTED!

I the undersigned, hereby accept the challenge extended by Mr. A. J. Goodwin, and propose to meet him at Lambert Hall, Saturday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, Mar. 8th, and engage him in wrestling. Admission, 10 cents. Come everybody and see the sport. 2c25.

### ADVERTISE WHERE IT PAYS!

THE SOMERSET REPORTER, the local paper of Somerset County. It is taken, borrowed or stolen, by every family in the county, and by thousands elsewhere. 3 months for 50 cents. Send for sample copy.

SMITH & MAYO, Publishers, Skowhegan, Maine.

### EGG FOR HATCHING.

PURE blood PLYMOUTH ROCK eggs, 50 cts. per 13. Also pure blood Brown Leghorn eggs, 25 cts. per 13. C. W. CARR, Phillips, Maine.

## A NEW TRIUMPH!

356,432 356,432 356,432

### Genuine SINGER Sewing Machines Sold in 1878!

Being more than 1,000 per day for every working day in the year. Many Counterfeits are made, and sold to the unsuspecting as the GENUINE SINGER. Our friends and customers can protect themselves from this imposition by seeing that every Machine, represented as the Singer, has our TRADE



MARK. We have no middle men, and sell only through our Salaried Agents, and WARRANT EVERY GENUINE SINGER MACHINE sold. The purchaser of a worthless, rattletrap machine, gilded and varnished, to hide its defects, has no redress from a wandering canvasser, representing nobody in particular. We have but ONE PRICE, and allow no deviation. Machines sold on the easiest possible terms and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

### The Singer Manfg. Co.,

Wm. M. Dupree, Manager. Branch Office, Skowhegan, Maine.

Call and examine

### D. C. Leavett's

### New Stock of Furniture!

CONSISTING OF FRENCH CHAMBERSETS, COTTAGE BED-STEADS, EXTENSION TABLES, CHAIRS, PICTURE FRAMES and other articles usually sold at FURNITURE rooms. Also COFFINS and CASKETS with trimmings. All bought at bottom prices. \*3mos. Phillips Upper Village, King Block

### B. T. PARKER,

Phillips, - - Maine.

### Watchmaker and Jeweler!

AND DEALER IN

### Watches & Clocks.

Repairing Fine Watches a specialty. Over 25 years experience. Watch Cases polished without extra charge. 17\*

### Save Your Money!

BY BUYING

### Sewing Machines

At Wholesale Prices,

—OF—

### ALONZO SYLVESTER,

6m24\*

FARMINGTON, MAINE.

### G. Z. HIGGINS,

### Physician & Surgeon

Strong, - - - Maine.

\*3m23

### Union Nat'l Bank,

OF PHILLIPS

BUSINESS HOURS—10 A. M. to 12 M. 1 to 3 P. M.

N. B. BEAL, Prest. | J. E. THOMPSON, Cashier. Beal Block, Phillips, Me.

SAWTELLE, Frank, West Waterville, Taster and Stationer.

### BEES!

### Italian Queens!

I will sell choice Italian Queens, after June 20th, for \$2.00 each. Purity and safe arrival guaranteed. WM. H. HUNTER, Strong, Maine.

DILL, SEWARD, Phillips, Post Master and 6m17\*

### W. M. CHANDLER,

### BLACKSMITH!

Phillips, Maine.

Particular attention paid to Interfering and Over-reaching, also to Edge Tool work.

SOULE, J. M., Phillips Grave Stone Manufacturer.

### G. W. YOUNG & CO.,

Dealers in

### Dry Goods, Groceries, Corn,

FLOUR, CROCKERY, HARDWARE, &c.

N.B.—Tourists will find everything in Canned Goods and general Camping Supplies. Goods always fresh, and best the markets afford. Rangeley, Maine.

MOORE, E. W., Augusta, Crayon Portrait Artist.

### M. W. DUTTON,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

### BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS,

MOCCASINS, &c.

Particular attention paid to Custom work.

Under Masonic Hall, 52 Phillips, Me.

### C. L. TOOTHAKER, M. D.,

### Physician & Surgeon

Phillips, Maine.

### LOST!

THE person who found a bag of Coffee, between Phillips and Madrid, is informed, as requested, through these columns, that the undersigned claims said Coffee, it having been lost by him. G. D. Hinkley, Phillips.

### Elmwood House,

E. D. PRESCOTT, Proprietor,

Board, \$1.00 to \$1.50 per day.

Phillips, Me.

\*13

### Estate of Mary Toothaker.

STATE OF MAINE. Franklin, ss.: Probate Court, February Term, 1879. A certain instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of

MARY TOOTHAKER, late of Phillips, in said County, deceased, having been presented for Probate.

Ordered, that notice thereof be given to all persons interested therein, by publishing a copy of this order three weeks successively in the PHILLIPS PHONOGRAPH, a paper printed at Phillips, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Farmington, within and for said County, on the first Tuesday of March next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed. H. B. PRESCOTT, Judge. A true copy. Attest, JAMES B. SEVERY, Register. 3i23

### Estate of Sarah Wyman.

FRANKLIN, ss.—At a Court of Probate holden at Farmington, within and for the County of Franklin, on the first Tuesday of February, A. D. 1879.

WILLIAM WYMAN, Administrator of the estate of SARAH WYMAN, late of Salem, in said County, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased for allowance.

Ordered, That said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively, in the Phillips Phonograph, published at Phillips, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Farmington, in said County, on the first Tuesday of March next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed. H. B. PRESCOTT, Judge. A true copy—Attest—James B. Severy, Register. 3i23

### Estate of Samuel Wheeler.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator of the Estate of

SAMUEL WHEELER, late of Phillips, in the County of Franklin, deceased, INTERESTED, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the Estate of said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to GEORGE W. WHEELER. 3i23

### Estate of Lurena Davis.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator, with the will annexed, of the Estate of

LURENA DAVIS, late of Phillips, in the County of Franklin, deceased, Testate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to ELIAS FIELD. 3i23

### The Boss Hens.

THE best hens in the country are the PLYMOUTH ROCKS. They will lay more

eggs and are better for poultry than any other hens raised. They are gray in color, very attractive, peaceable and little inclined to set. No trouble to make the chicks weigh from 8 to 10 pounds for fall market.

Eggs for setting, at \$2.00 per 13, sent by express carefully packed.

Chicks for sale after Sept. 1st, '79 and fowl for sale at all times. P. E. MOORE.

Somerset Mills, Me., Jan. 15, 1879.

### Notice.

The Members of the North Franklin Agricultural Society are hereby notified to meet at the Town House, in Phillips, on Wednesday, the 5th day of March, A. D. 1879, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the purpose of electing a President, three Vice Presidents, Secretary, Treasurer, and a board of five Trustees for the ensuing year; also, to hear reports, allow accounts, and transact any other business that may legally come before said meeting. 2i24 J. W. BUTTERFIELD, Secy.

### BRICK FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber has for sale some 80,000 GOOD QUALITY BURNED BRICK, at the brickyard in North Phillips, near the Sampson School House, which will be sold cheap for cash. Call on the premises or address, at Phillips P. O. S. A. WILLS.

### ALDEN J. BLTHEN,

### Attorney at Law,

PORTLAND, - - - MAINE.

Prompt attention given to all business sent from Franklin County. Practice in all the courts of the State, and special attention given to practice in the United States Courts.

### J. E. LADD,

### Millwright and Machinist,

GARDINER, - - - MAINE.

AGENT for "Burnham's" Standard Turbine Waterwheel, also a large lot of 2d hand wheels, gears, &c., for sale lower than the lowest. Flour and gristmills a specialty. Send for prices before purchasing. 23

### For Sale.

A Thoroughbred Jersey Cow, 1 yrs. old past, with a thoroughbred heifer calf by her side, dropped Jan. 3, 1879. Said cow and calf can be had at a bargain if applied for soon.

SAMUEL FARMER, Phillips, Jan. 20th, 1879. 13



## Selected Story.

### UP IN AN ELEVATOR.

"Mrs. James Alsop, at home, on Thursday of December from 2 to 5 p. m. Hotel Kelleran, West Boylston street."

It was the last Thursday of December, and quite a little throng of fashionable people had assembled at the Hotel Kelleran in response to this card. Preceding Thursday had been wet and stormy; this was a model winter's day, crisp with frost and sparkling with sun. Carriages drew up before the door in long, double rows; a mob waited on the sidewalk to watch the ladies going in; the elevator was on the wing continually, bearing gorgeous dames aloft to the third story. It was a busy afternoon for the porter and the "elevator boy," but as that functionary, a youth of some forty summers, remarked to his confederates, "Weddings is weddings, and it ain't every day we have a bride in the house, 'specially such a stunner as this one. Gorry! ain't she a beauty neither? I'd like to be a-takin' of her up all day?"

"How happy she looks!" observed Mrs. Dalrymple.

"Well, who wouldn't be happy with the loveliest French trousseau that ever was, and such a nice husband as hers?" asked Constance Ferris.

Two or three people laughed at the unconscious warmth of Constance's tone.

"For my part," put in Alice Ordway, "I never could quite see that James Alsop was so charming. He shuts me right up; I don't get on with him at all. Estella used to feel so, and I never understood how she came to like him at the last."

"Ah, you never tried him in an elevator," said Mrs. Dalrymple, looking funny.

"In an elevator! What do you mean?"

"Oh, thereby hangs a tale."

"Who is that lady in gray that has just come in?" inquired Constance.

"See, Estella is speaking to her now."

"How pleased Mrs. Alsop looks!"

Estella was looking more that pleased. She had kissed the lady in gray twice as they met, and now stood holding her hands and speaking rapidly.

"You brought your bag, Ernest? You are going to stay! I've set my heart on having you christen our spare room."

"Yes, the bag is outside. Never mind it now, or me. We shall have time for all that by-and-bye, and you have your other friends to see to."

"They are beginning to go. It is almost five. Run into my bed-room, Ernest; the one next this, and take off your bonnet."

"The elevator! do tell me what you mean," persisted Alice Ordway, detaining Mrs. Dalrymple.

"Come round for five o'clock tea to-morrow, and you shall have the full, true and particular history," promised the lady. "It is too late for story-telling now. I must go."

The last guest departed, and Estella ran back into the drawing-room.

"Now, Ernest, dear old Ernest, I have you to myself at last. Come and get settled, and make believe you have lived here always. See, this is your room. Isn't it cosy?"

"It is charming"—a look about the dainty chamber, with its walls and carpet of pale gray touched with blue, its fresh chintzes, and gay little fire. "I never saw anything prettier or more complete. How do you like living on a flat, Stella?"

"Oh, very much. I don't know about flats in general; but this is delightful, quiet, convenient, and we are so high up, that we really have something like a view. James and I are very proud of our view. But we began with pleasant associations, you know. The Peytons used to live here. Such nice people! And here it was that it all began."

"It?"

"Yes, our it. Dear old stupid, you know what I mean; our engagement; no, not our engagement—that came later—but our finding each other out; the preliminary emotions, and all that."

"I want to hear about 'all that,'" said Ernestine, as they returned to the drawing-room and settled themselves before the fire. "I missed the letter you wrote at the time of your engagement, you remember, and really I know almost nothing, except that here you are."

"So you did. Well"—looking at the clock—"there's a good hour before dinner, and James will be late to-day, because he is gone to a faculty meeting. You know, of course, that he's a prof, or, and excessively wise and learned?"

"Yes; I know so much."

"I used to be dreadfully afraid of him," went on Estella, with a little laugh. "He isn't a society man at

all, and doesn't know how to get on with young ladies. He used to talk sometimes at parties, but I was always stiff and silent. He made me feel shy and ignorant and light-minded somehow, the only man that ever did, and I quite thought that I disliked him. In fact, I used to say so. Several of the girls felt the same."

"The Peytons lived in these rooms last winter. Dear me is it only last winter? It seems as if it must have been years ago, so much has happened since. They were lively people, gay and kind, always giving the pleasantest little parties. They've gone to Europe now, or I should want you to know them. Well, they were going to have a little dinner on Mrs. Peyton's birth day, the 2d of December—just the Dalrymples and Sargents; and Mrs. Peyton was to ask a gentleman to match me; eight of us there were to be. Harry Allen was to be the gentleman. He was a great ally of mine, and we all agreed that it would prove quite a perfect little affair."

The very day before I had a note from Mrs. Peyton to say that Harry Allen's stepmother was dead, and she must get some one else. What would I like? I wrote back that it didn't matter much; Leslie Clark would be nice if he were disengaged. But though I said so, I did care quite a good deal. You know it makes a difference who takes you in at one of those little dinners. Your evening is pleasant or stupid according to whether the person next you is nice or not; so I hoped Leslie Clark would be available; for though he doesn't amount to very much, he is always chatty and pleasant. So you can imagine my feelings when just as I was getting out of my carriage, another drew up, and James Alsop stepped out in dress-coat and gloves, evidently bound for the dinner. Leslie Clark had proved engaged, and Mrs. Peyton casting about for a substitute, had lighted on James. She hadn't the least idea, of course, that I disliked him.

"It makes me laugh to recollect how cross I felt. And he looked equally dissatisfied. He confesses now that he was a good deal put out. My shyness and avoidance had rebuffed him, and he had made up his mind that I was 'frivolous,' and that he would let me alone in the future."

"With a vague hope that he might be bound for the first story or the second, I remarked, 'Good evening, Mr. Alsop. Are we both bound for Mrs. Peyton's?'"

"For Mrs. Peyton's he replied, with a stiff little bow. Then we took our place in the elevator as gloomy as though we were going to a funeral instead of a dinner party. Dear me, how funny it was! The man below started us, and up we went. Half-way between the second floor and the third, the elevator struck. What was the matter exactly, I never have been able to understand, though, James has explained it several times; but I think the chain was clogged in some way, and wouldn't work either up or down. When it first stopped we thought it some mistake, and waited patiently, but after a minute James grew uneasy. He twitched the rope, but all to no purpose; then he began to call, hoping somebody below would hear us."

"We were so near the Peytons' floor that we could see the light shining through the glazed door at the top. The elevator had an open-work roof. It was not dark; we could see each plainly. By-and-by we heard bells ringing below in a distracted way, feet running up the stairs, and voices; then the door at the top shut back, and some one called out."

"Miss Blodgett, are you there?"

"Yes," I said; "I wish I wasn't!"

"What's the matter with the pulleys?" called out James.

"Oh, Alsop, you too? It isn't the pulley, they say; it's something else. But it's sure to be all right in a few minutes; they have sent for a man to come and fix it."

"Was there ever anything so provoking since the world began?" chimed in Mrs. Peyton. I could just dimly see her profile through the open-work. "Don't catch cold, Estella. Whatever you do. Keep your cloak tightly round you. You'll see that she's wrapped up, won't you Mr. Alsop? It's such a comfort that you are there to take care of her."

"Are you warm enough?" asked James, in a formal voice.

"Yes, indeed," and I showed him that my wrap was lined with fur.

"That is well," he said; "there is always a draught in a shaft like this."

Well—of course nobody could keep on being stiff under such circumstances—we got to talking. The dinner party arrived, the Dalrymples and Sargents. One by one they came to the glazed door to look down and pity us, and what between sympathy and the ludicrous nature of our fix, they laughed and we laughed, till we were in the merriest of moods. All this

time confused sounds of scraping and sawing came from below, but we remained immovable.

"Do go to dinner," I called out, for I knew Mrs. Peyton's cook must be on tenterhooks. "We don't care for soup; do we, Mr. Alsop? We will come in for the fish."

"No, neither of us eats soup," echoed James. "Pray begin without us, Mrs. Peyton. We'll make our appearance when you get to something we like."

"There were all sorts of polite demurs, of course, but at last they went away and left us."

"This is absurd enough," said James.

"Yes," I said; "but, after all, it might be worse. It is only to forget that we can't get out. Let's make believe, as the children say, that we are at a party, and that there is a cozy little boudoir into which we have come on purpose to rest and entertain each other, and it will be quite nice."

"I had no idea that you were such a philosopher," said James. I could see that he was smiling behind his moustache. "A boudoir be it by all means, and we will entertain each other."

We did. What we talked about I couldn't pretend to say—everything in heaven and earth I think—poetry, science, religion, gossip. James says it was the pleasantest evening he ever spent. He says I never looked so pretty in my life—I was only half visible, you know—and that the rose in my dress kept darting out delicious sudden smells which affected his head and cast him into a glamour. It is all nonsense of course; but do you know, Ernest, I do really and truly think that he fell a little in love with me then and there, and I with him?

Every little while somebody would leave the table to condole with us, and report just how far dinner had progressed. Now it was the game, now the salad, then the *biscuit glace*. I began to grow hungry, and James became ravenous.

"I say," he called out to Mrs. Peyton. "if some sandwiches were cut very long and narrow, and judiciously lowered, I think we could entice them in through this net-work."

I suppose we did look like chickens in a coop. Never was anything so absurd seen as Mr. Peyton and Mr. Dalrymple dangling morsels of bread and butter and chicken tied to long strings toward us, and James spearing them with the hook of his umbrella. They sent down fried oysters one by one, wrapped in paper. They sent down macaroons and lady-biscuits. A good many things lodged on top of the elevator, but some came in, and and were very glad of them. They even attempted champagne in a cognac bottle, but that upset, and rained down on my dress.

"What a pity!" cried James, sponging me with his handkerchief. "Your gown is ruined, I fear."

"Champagne improves everything," I said, and laughed it off. I really didn't care. What with the singularity of our adventure, and all the fun we had made, I quite enjoying myself, and the gown seemed of no consequence. Dear old gown! I have it still. James says I am always to wear it on the anniversary of that evening.

All this time I was lost in wonder that he should be so agreeable. I can't tell you, Ernest how nice he was that night. All his scholarly stiffness melted away; he was easy, merry, friendly, and oh, so kind! I found myself talking to him about all sorts of trifles, which the day before I should as soon have thought of confiding to the observatory. I even told him what I was going to wear to the charity ball! Think of that!

It was ten o'clock before the elevator stirred. Then it gave a jerk, and, before we could speak, down, down it fell with a dreadful, smashing rapidity. The stupid people, trying to mend matters, had let the chain slip off the wheel! Oh!—drawing a long breath—it makes me shudder now to think of it. The sensation was sickening. "Were you hurt?"

"No; never was such a miraculous escape. Do you know, in the very middle of our descent I recollect having read somewhere that to rise on tiptoe and come down again on the soles of your feet at the moment of touching would break such a fall. And I rose on mine."

"Wonderful! And were you really not hurt?"

"Hardly at all. I was jarred and bruised a little, and James a good deal more, for I hadn't time to tell him about the tiptoes, and he was intent on holding me firm. Our friends from above rushed down, expecting to find us in little pieces, and were beside themselves with joy when we were drawn out almost unharmed. We all vowed that we should never venture again into an elevator, but, bless you, we have all broken the vow since. Such a house as this would be uninhabitable without one."

"I really don't think I shall," said

Ernestine, looking quite pale. "It terrifies me to remember that only to-day I came up in this of yours."

"Oh, ours is the safest in the city now. You know the superstition about the cannon balls never entering twice at the same place; we have had our accident, and it is over. Besides, Mr. Kelleran had the apparatus entirely changed, and they say now that such a thing could not happen."

"So then and there your romance began?" remarked her friend.

"Then and there. Of course James came to see me afterwards, and kept coming, and I had quite got over being afraid of him, and so—and so—ah, there he is at last," as the door opened. "James, dear, how late you are! Come here and be introduced to my Ernest."

**S. L. BALKAM,**  
STRONG,.....MAINE.

DEALER IN

**DRY GOODS,**

GROCERIES!

Choice Tobaccos & Cigars!

**DRUGS!**

Medicines! Chemicals!

Patent Medicines, &c.

ALSO

SURGICAL & DENTAL INSTRUMENTS,

Fine Toilet Soaps,

Brushes, Perfumery,

Fancy and Toilet Articles, Etc.

S. L. BALKAM, STRONG, MAINE.

**Beal & Worthley,**

DEALERS IN

Drugs, Gent's Furnish'g Goods,

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**Hats, Caps & Furs.**

Our custom department is under the charge of

**Henry W. True,**

who guarantees a perfect fit in all the "Nobby" Styles of the day. A full line of

**WOOLENS AND TRIMMINGS**

Constantly on Hand.

No. 1 Beal Block, Phillips, Maine.

**EDGAR A. WILL,**

PRACTICAL

**WATCHMAKER!**

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**WATCHES,**

**CLOCKS,**

Jewelry and Spectacles,

ALSO

AUTOGRAPH AND PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,

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No. 3 Beal Block, - - Phillips, Maine.

**M. W. HARDEN,**

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**HAIR DRESSER!**

Next to Barden House,

**Phillips, Maine.**

Clean Towel and plenty bay Rum for every customer. \$52

**NEW STORE! NEW GOODS!**

**J. D. ESTY,**

Dealer in

**FLOUR!**

Groceries and Confectionery,

PAINTS, OILS & VARNISHES.

Come and see my goods and prices. J. D. ESTY, (Old stand of Major Dill.) Phillips, Oct. 18th.

**E. H. SHEPARD,**

At the Elmwood Hotel.

**Livery & Boarding Stable.**

**GOOD TEAMS AS CHEAP**

To Let, as the cheapest.

13th E. H. SHEPARD.

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**DRY GOODS & GROCERIES,**

5 Beal Block, Phillips, where

Good Goods at Low Prices

is the order of the day.

**Sam'l A. Blanchard,**

C-U-S-T-O-M

**Boot & Shoe Maker!**

—REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.—

Rubbers, Rubber Boots,

and Rubber Goods generally, for Ladies' Gent's and Children's wear, always on hand.

S. A. BLANCHARD, Phillips, Me.

**EGGS FOR HATCHING!**

Light Brahma Eggs for Hatching, at 50 cts. per setting of thirteen eggs. Address WM. H. HUNTER, Strong, Maine.

ESTY, G. M., Greenville, Proprietor Greenville House.

I really don't think I shall," said

## Furniture Marked Down, Down!



**E. M. ROBINSON,**

DEALER IN

**FURNITURE**

Has Constantly On Hand

**Coffins and Caskets,**

—ALSO—

**Coffin and Casket Trimmings,**

FOR SALE.

**Embossed Pictures,**

For Ornamental Work.

**Picture Frames at Reduced Prices,**

**Writing Desks, Albums,**

**Stereoscopic View Holders,**

**Brackets and Card Baskets.**

The best Cottage Bedsteads, with Castors, \$2.50

Best Lounges, 9.00

Dining Chairs, best, .50

High Chairs, .75

Best Cane Chairs, .67

Large Cane Rockers, 2.25

Nurse, 1.50

Nurse, with arms, 2.25

Nurse, wood seats, 1.25

Good French Chamber Sets, 18.00

Best French Chamber Sets, with Dressing Case and Fancy Puffs, 30.00

All of my goods are **Marked Down** to suit the times. Call and see before buying elsewhere.

Call and see for yourselves. All orders for

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**HARDWARE!**

—IS AT—

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Always on hand, a good stock of

**Silver Plated Ware,**

IRON, STEEL & BOLTS,

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Pocket & Table Cutlery.

A specialty in

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**\$300 to \$400**

**WORTH of TOOLS**

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**SAP BUCKETS AND PANS!**

In Large Supply, and Best Quality, At Bottom Prices.

Patrons in Phillips and the surrounding country will find it to their advantage to call and examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere. The trades to be made here will warrant a long journey and perfect satisfaction. Remember the place.

**J. H. Bell,**

17th Strong, Maine.

**DENTISTRY!**

I can be found at Dr. KIMBALL'S office, Beal Block, Phillips, Mar. 4th, 1878, for three weeks, when I shall be pleased to see all in need of

**Dental Work.**

E. A. WILLIAMS.

Remember the time and place.

**F. A. KIMBALL, M. D.,**

**Physician & Surgeon**

Office in Beale Block,

**Phillips, Maine.**

**Barden House.**

The Barden House, Phillips, Me., is too well known to require comment. Square meals, and good, clean and comfortable lodgings, for both man and beast, are always in readiness, at low prices. Board, from \$1 to \$2 per day. SAMUEL FARMER, Proprietor, also proprietor of Stage Route to Bangley. Private Teams always in readiness at moderate prices.

**FOREST HOUSE,**

**Farmington, Me.,**

G. A. FLETCHER, Propr.

Free Coach to and from the Depot.

**Jas. Morrison, Jr.,**

**Attorney at Law,**

Phillips, - - - Maine